

the land, machinery, and slaves, together, could be, with undisturbed unconstrained labor."

There are other remarks of the same nature, all tending to show that, in the opinion of the editor, a tariff is "the sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to." If he is assaulted, his body is right; and his labor is right; and he would have Government remedy the evil or right the injured by increasing the duty on iron, coal, and sugar. Mr. Greeley's policy has been tried a long time in Louisiana, and Slavery does not seem to have very seriously injured. I do not believe it will be abolished by any such law of pure selfishness. On the contrary, I believe that Slavery has been abolished by the influence upon legislation of Christian benevolence and the common-law rule that there are no "rights" in all the country and everywhere it will be overthrown, if not by a straight-forward legislation in favor of equal rights by the Legislature, having jurisdiction of the subject. When the doctrines indicated in these extracts are done away with, the party which they may want me to call "the Radical."

The Tribune lauds Gov. Seward as being the best exponent of what it is pleased to call "the truths here barely glanced at." I trust this is doing injustice to Gov. Seward. He may be in favor of a protective policy—his financial schemes might be on a more liberal scale than would be those of a public-spirited man who would rely upon a protective policy as a means of undermining or overthrowing Slavery. I am reluctant to believe. Was not the editor of the Albany Evening Journal somewhat hasty when he "heartily concurred in the Tribune's commendations of Gov. Seward?" RADICAL.

Buffalo, January 31, 1859.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1859.

To ADVERTISERS.—Business men will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in this Era.

Messrs. Pettingill & Co., S. B. Niles, and Joy, Coe, & Co., are our authorized advertising agents for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

The following gentlemen are accredited agents for the Era: G. W. Light, Boston; Mass.; J. A. Innes, Salem, Mass.; Thomas Wheeler, Cincinnati, Ohio; L. T. Park, Mount Union, Ohio.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Guide, Murillo, Washington Allston, Claude Lorraine, Michael Angelo, David, Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael, Turner, Ruskin, Vandyck.

We desire to propose to write a chapter on the "fine arts," we desire you, "dear reader," to be satisfied at the outset that we do know something of the master in hand, and we therefore "lead off" with the sum total of our knowledge, that you may be able to take a bird's eye view of the "head and front" of our information on the subject.

(We wish to say, by the way, that "we" are not the editor of the *National Era*, though "we" wish "we" were, God bless him! But our native modesty forced us to shelter behind that royal, editorial, and impersonal pronoun.)

Two kinds of cant are extant concerning pictures. One is that which has seized a few of the floating technicalities, and discourses flippantly of light, and shade, and breadth, and tone, mouths the "old masters," puts Italy, sneers at American, Wheeler, and goes into raptures, in a public way, over a bit of old canvas, but is so absorbed that it has leisure to observe and brand the indifference of those outside barbarians who do not share its ecstasies.

The other prides itself on being "no artist." It knows nothing of the rules of art, not it. But it knows what it likes, and is going to like it, right or wrong. Artists may swear, but it is not going to be driven from a picture, because the picture was not made with plumb and line."

On the whole, this cant is rather more disagreeable than the first, since that only pretends to follow in the wake of excellence, while this sets up a claim to originality, strikes out boldly for itself, and is sure to find hosts of admirers among our rampant Democracy. Ignorance on any subject is a thing to be repented of, and forsaken if voluntary, to be silently borne if involuntary, but on no account to be exalted over. We, who boast our ignorance, forget that though the artist, like the poet, is "born, not made," he is not born an artist. The germ is there, but many a spring's sunshine, and many a summer's shower, ay, and many a winter's frost, must ripen it into the mellow fruit. The possibility is there, but only by careful study, constant trial, severe culture, can it be brought into a fact. Is it, then, reasonable to suppose that the educated eye can fully appreciate the work of the untaught hand?

It is, indeed, a merciful dispensation of Providence, that the humblest day-laborer, going home from his work at six o'clock, with his coat swinging over his arm, and his tin pal in his hand, may feel the sooth, elevating influence of the calm sunset sky, the still fields, and the shining flood, yet he but enters the vestibule of the temple. Only to her importunate child—only

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible form,"

does she disclose the arcanæ—the mystic glory that shines in her holy bower.

Such a picture is not only the measure of the soul that conceived, and the hand that wrought, but of the eye that views it. You see therein neither form nor comeliness, it may be either because your gross vision cannot discern their spiritual presence; and this incapacity may be the result either of native deficiency or lack of training.

Every true picture, everything worthy the name, has a body and soul. Canvas, color, contour, are the one. The idea that shines through them all, and invests them with life, and glow, and reality, is the other. Where the soul is wanting, all else may be perfect, the body complete, but the picture says nothing to you. It is mere dead matter. There may be pretensions to life, a convulsive and contorted struggling, as it were, to compass life, but you have no love wherewithal to endow the fair Union with an immortal soul.

But this soul of the picture does not sit enthroned on the surface, to be profaned by vulgar gaze. Eye may meet eye, but heart alone can speak to heart. Of ten men who define before it, nine may pass unheeding. It is then bleak and meaningless, like the marks of certain chalk on window-glass; but when you draw near, you, the tenth, and breathe upon it the breath of your life, by an unerring instinct it recognises your soul. Quickly life leaps into the picture—flashes into the statue. The Promethean fire, quivering in every limb, glowing in every lineament, till, as you gaze, it passes into your being, to become a part of yourself forever.

This life, this pathos and power, depend less on the subject than on the manner of handling it. We have all looked coolly on representations of dying saints, surrounded by the agonies of death; and the picture which the artist has painted is a smile of wondering, childish, unconscious amazement. It is, too, an intelligent face—one that you would like to experiment on. You feel that you could strike fire from his eyes, now only opening through the breath of your life, by an unerring instinct it recognises your soul. Quickly life leaps into the picture—flashes into the statue. The Promethean fire, quivering in every limb, glowing in every lineament, till, as you gaze, it passes into your being, to become a part of yourself forever.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

MADELINE.

In a bower's bower,
Of the woodland wild,
Ent'ring a little maiden
Opened her eyes and smiled;
And the living mountain,
Came to life again.
Power! Heaven's blessing
On her Madeline.

Over the mother's slumber
Many springs had smiled,
Tossed the golden tresses;
Other fairer chivalry;
Lived in the forest shade,
In a world of sun,
Bloomed the forest madam,
Sunny Madeline.

Through the ravishing wood,
When the whippoor-will,
Felt the strawberries bloom,
Beneath the threshold oak;
From the rustic cabin,
To the great world's din,
In her sylvan beauty,
Went sweet Madeline.

There, a vision blest her,
With a smile so bright,
One over all bower,
Her gentle wife;
Vows, how lightly spoken;
Thrill her heart and win;
Vows, how lightly broken;
Trusting Madeline.

In the land of shadows,
Where the dreams rest,
Where sweet Auburn reems,
Auburn the bluest;
Where the gentle night birds
Sadden some begin,
Sadder still begin,
Sleepeth Madeline.

PAULINA.

INDIANA SENATORIAL CONTEST.

SPEECHES OF

Senators Collamer, Trumbull, Seward, Hale, Fessenden, and Harlan.

In the Senate of the United States, February 14, 1859.

Mr. COLLAMER. It is, Mr. President, with me, especially at this stage of the session, an unpleasant task to trouble the Senate by occupying any time, for the sake of expediency, in such a manner as would be calculated to distract the attention of the country. I desire that the Legislature of the State of Indiana might have an opportunity of being heard through the men whom they have sent here to represent them. I desired that they should be heard through their agents, and I did not then call the Senate, and hear upon the very question which the Senator from Delaware seems to suppose has been decided by a decision which is *res adjudicata*, and I understand him, incapable of revision; or, if capable of revision, to be unable to do so. The Senate will not permit anybody to be heard about it. Inasmuch as the course taken here is now with an evident and avowed intention to prevent their being heard at all, I cannot perceive how it can be effected by entry in the Senate of Indiana, that cannot be heard by its proper organs. I suppose the must be heard, if at all, by improper ones.

I was one of the minority of the Judiciary Committee which incurred the responsibility of presenting this view. I did not ask the Senate to take up time by reading that report, although it embodies a brief of the argument of these gentlemen in support of their right. I do not ask the Senate now, listen directly, to that course, and hear upon the very question which the Senator from Delaware seems to suppose has been decided by a decision which is *res adjudicata*, and I understand him, incapable of revision; or, if capable of revision, to be unable to do so. The Senate will not permit anybody to be heard about it. Inasmuch as the course taken here is now with an evident and avowed intention to prevent their being heard at all, I cannot perceive how it can be effected by entry in the Senate of Indiana, that cannot be heard by its proper organs. I suppose the must be heard, if at all, by improper ones.

I cannot regard it as true that a decision made by either House of Congress can be repealed by another. That is a common sense. The power of the Senate to judge of the elections and qualifications of its members is not exhausted by once resounding upon the subject. It is an abiding and continuing power. I do not hold that it is not self-evident, and it is not controverted by a resolution of the Senate.

Mr. TRUMBULL. Yes, sir; and it would make the Senate of the United States the constituents of the sitting Senators, and not the constituents of the House. You refer to the State of Indiana; you refuse to hear her Senators whom she has sent here; and upon what ground? Because the Senate of the United States has adopted a resolution, and been heard upon, that the former decision was correct, that there was no reason for re-examining it, that the case had been decided rightly, and that would be the law of the land.

The Senator from Delaware will not rise in his place, but a decision has been obtained, right or wrong, and, as the Senator from Vermont well remarked, no man can be sure; he is entitled to his own opinion, and subsequently was concurred in by the House of Representatives, as far as relates to the binding force of a former decision, cannot be distinguished from the present one, and could determine at a glance that the former decision was correct. The distinct statement of what the case in Mississippi is, will read from the argument of Mr. Brownson, of New York, upon that subject, where he states that the whole world is agreed upon that case; and he demands the same doctrine which the Senator from Ohio and the Senator from Delaware now insist upon, though he was not quite so confident in the Senator from Delaware's case.

He was willing to hear and to discuss the question. Here is the decision made at the last session.

Mr. TRUMBULL. Yes, sir; and it is the decision of the Twenty-fifth Congress.

Mr. COOPER. Strike off after the word "and," and insert:

"Strike off after the word "and